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A NEW SONG of the Misfortunes of an Old Whore and her Brats.

[1]

THô the Old Hag of *Rome*
Has Bewitch'd us all Dumb,
She can Tongue-tye our Muſes no longer;
We now ſpue out her Charms,
And ſing the brave Arms
Of great *Orange* and *Schomberg*, ding-dong Sir.

[2]

If we open'd our Lips,
Wooden Peep-holes and Whips
Was of late the mild Pennance enjoyn'd us;
Now Truth's no more Treaſon,
We eſteem it a ſeaſon
To be merry, and ſo you ſhall find us.

[3]

Life-and-Fortune Addreſſes
Shall not wear out our Preſſes,
To flatter and ſooth a *Juſt Nero*:
But loud Declarations,
To ſecure the three Nations
From the *French* and from *Lilli-burlero*.

[4]

See how each Popiſh Gull
Does look ſilly and dull
O hone! O hone! all are Lamenting;
They've no Catholique Banter,
No wiſe *Hind* and *Panther*,
Nor any thing elſe worth the Printing.

[5]

While we Hereticks do write,
Ay and Print too in ſpite
Of the Devil, to revenge our late wrongs Sir;
And the Hawkers hoarſe Lungs
With our Lampoons and Songs
Make the Streets eccho all the day long Sir.

[6]

Now brave *Orange* advances,
What the fam'd League with *France* is,
We ſhall know to poor Catholiques ſorrow:
Stricken with Pannick Fears,
How the VVhelps hang their Ears,
Pack up Reliques and bid us good Morrow!

[7]

Father *Petre*, and others
Of his Politique Brothers,
(Who one would think ſhould have diſdain'd it)
Are on fire to be gone,
Thô they might every one,
If they'd ſtay here a little, be Sainted.

[8]

Juſt like old Rats and Mice,
Theſe bold Vermine are wiſe,
When they find a houſe ready to tumble,
Away ſtrait they advance,
Bound for *Flanders* or *France*,
Adieu, Votre Serviteur humble.

[9]

But pray what ſhall become
O'th' young Kitlings of *Rome*,
I mean thoſe the Old Whore has Converted;
VVhen they're grip'd by the Claws
Of reviv'd Penal Laws,
And by all Ghoſtly Fathers deſerted.

[10]

'Tis hard to leave the poor Elves
Thus to ſhift for themſelves,
For unleſs you'd confirm'd the Babes better-a
With your Cowardiſe tainted,
They'l e'ne grudge to be Sainted
ith St. *Coleman*, St. *Whitebread*, &c.

[11]

So when Witches are taken
For enchanting Folks Bacon,
ows, Horſes, or any ſuch thing Sir;
And the Hang-man once takes 'em,
Their Imps all forſake 'em,
d bequeath 'em to a tight Hempen-ſtring Sir.

[12]

Our great States-men and Judges,
The Jeſuites true Drudges
advance the Plots of Holy Church Sir,
Do make wretched Grimaces,
Loſing Penſions and Places,
To a Parliament left in the lurch Sir.

[13]

And the young Welch-man's Sire,
Stuck like *Dun* in the Mire,
With revengeful Deſpair looks around him,
And then Curſes the Crowd,
That with Suffrages loud
Shouted (*Vive le Roy*) when they Crown'd him.

[14]

He thinks 'tis an 'hard Fate
Now to Capitulate,
And revoke his Indulg'd Diſpenſations;
To his Sons Terms to buckle,
To a Parliament truckle,
And Eat up his kind Declarations.

[15]

'Tis hard that dull Hereticks
Still ſuſpicious of Tricks,
Can't believe the young Bantling's his Son Sir;
As if Prieſts cou'd n't Create,
At leaſt Tranſubſtantiate
Him a Boy for an Heir to his Crown Sir.

[16]

Nay renown'd Lords and Ladies
A long Bead-row have made us,
With the Midwife and Learned Phyſicians;
Cannot all this convince
That it is a *Welch* Prince,
Though we publiſh the plain Depoſitions?

[17]

Well it ſeems (to be ſhort)
There's no Remedy for't,
Both his Gods and his Friends are retiring;
And his Army falls off,
While his Enemies ſcoff
To ſee the Prince curb his aſpiring.

[18]

Have we not a wiſe King
To reſolve he would bring
All to *Rome's* Lure, or elſe Sacrifice Sir,
Three Kingdoms to his ſpleen,
And to th' Will of his Queen?
Did the World ever hear of a wiſer?

[19]

Without one ſturdy fight
He's oblig'd to alight
From the Throne which he envy'd his Brother,
And may like a poor Bigot
Go embarque in a Friggot,
To ſee if he can find ſuch another.

[20]

Since theſe *Switzers* and *Dutch-men*
Come to ſtand by our Church-men,
With hard grim Fellows from *Fin-land*,
The old Politique VVhore
Now muſt never hope more
To ſit brooding o're Plots againſt *England*.

[21]

Is't not Reaſon and Senſe,
If a King will Diſpenſe
With our Statutes and with his own VVord Sir;
To Decide the Juſt Cauſe
Of Religion and Laws
VVith a ſwinging great *Proteſtant-ſword* Sir?

[22]

The *French* Tyrant diſſembles,
And huffs, though he trembles,
We ſhall Viſit that Son of a VVhore Sir;
If the VVeather hold fair,
VVe'd fain take a *Tour* there,
As our Fathers did in Days of Yore Sir.

[23]

VVhile the *Germans* before
Pay him off his old ſcore
For the Miſchief they've felt and do fear Sir;
With Pike, Sword and Piſtol,
We ſhall Probe his old Fiſtule,
And Charge the Dog home in the rear Sir.

FINIS.

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